

CHRISTMAS CHATTER

KATE
BY
CLYDE

THE fragrance of holly and mistletoe is in the air. For the last three weeks I have spent nearly all my spare moments shopping. As a rule, my companion has been Maise Bender, but now and then, when she could find time from her busy hours of labor, Polly Benedict accompanied me, and I must admit I found these latter expeditions by far more delightful. After all, there is something revolting in too much wealth. Maise would lean lazily over a counter and order the clerk to bring her a lot of, say, photograph frames. Then she would paw them over listlessly, finally yawning into her muff and inquiring in the most bored tones in the world, "Oh, haven't you something different—something that isn't the same old idea?"

I remember on one occasion the salesman showed her a charming gift emerald frame with an oval mat of tapestry, the whole a model of distinctness and good taste. Maise admired it until she learned the price. "That's much too cheap," she commented scornfully. "People will think I am losing my money. Show me something much more costly." And she finally bought an atrociously heavily studded with brilliant and rubies, very ugly, but costing a small fortune.

Natural Polly.
How different dear Polly was! She had a neat little list made out stating just what she wished to give each person and how much she could afford to spend for it. And what pretty things she managed to acquire for a tiny bit of money! To watch her was a liberal education. Then when I made my purchases how interested she was and how enthusiastic! There is no blase vein in Polly.

Everything is new and fresh in Polly. Even her old acquaintances are hunted up. She is charming to them and invites them for luncheon, theater parties, etc. Likewise she is particularly gracious to the men she knows. They hardly recognize her, she is so changed. Even her old maid aunt is coaxed and flattered, and all at once Margery becomes tremendously popular. Every one exclaims how charming she is. The week before Christmas Margery's efforts redoubled. Presents begin to come in. They rain in, they pour in. Margery is almost snowed under by them. Her triumph is assured, for not one of us can even pretend to such a long list of present giving friends. We acknowledge our defeat. A fortnight after Christmas Margery begins to "slack off" on her attentions to these numerous kind friends. In a month her calls have grown noticeably fewer, and by the beginning of Lent her visiting list has shrunk to its normal proportions.

Maise Bender by way of celebrating Christmas does the biggest thing she can think of. She has a house party for the week at the Bender home on the Hudson. Everything is carried out in true baronial style. The place of the retainers is supplied by the many servants. There are dancing around and under the mistletoe and a splendid feast which causes the tables to groan. The only thing lacking is the family ghost. The Benders unfortunately were all too shrewd and too practical a line to harbor any such romantic foolishness.

SECRETARY HAY'S BRILLIANT DAUGHTER, WHO IS TO WED EX-SECRETARY WHITNEY'S SON.

Great interest is evinced in the announcement of the engagement of Miss Helen Hay, eldest daughter of the secretary of state, to Mr. Payne Whitney, son of ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney.

Miss Hay acts as hostess for her father and presides over one of the most popular drawing rooms in Washington society. She is a native of Cleveland and the granddaughter of the late Amasa Stone.

Miss Hay is a brilliant brunette, highly educated and an accomplished linguist. She has traveled much in Europe and had the advantages of London



Photo by Cline, Washington.

MISS HELEN HAY.

social success when her father was ambassador to the court of St. James. Like her father, the famous author of "Jim Buddo" and "Little Breeches" and "Banty Tim," Miss Hay is a poet. Her first book, "Some Verses," was so well spoken of that she was encouraged to publish a book of child rhymes called "The Little Boy Book." Her "Rose of Dawn," a Hawaiian love story told in verse, was also highly praised by the critics.

Washington society gossips are wondering whether Miss Hay and Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the secretary of agriculture, will continue the social rivalry that afforded the capital so much amusement last season. Both ladies claimed social and official precedence, and neither was willing to concede an inch to the other. Miss Hay's wedding is expected to take place in the spring.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Skating is an accomplishment most persons possess in these days of skating clubs and carnivals, but few of us can skate as Lady Minto can. In Canada, even she is supreme, and all her children, from her tall son down to baby, are as much at home on the ice as on terra firma.

Miss Mary Bidwell Breed is now dean of women in Indiana university at Bloomington, a position created by the board of trustees at a recent meeting. She is a native of Pennsylvania and a graduate of the Pennsylvania College for Women at Pittsburgh. Later she took the bachelor's degree and that of doctor of philosophy at Bryn Mawr. She won the European fellowship at

CHRISTMAS EVE SONG

By NEIL MACDONALD

[Copyright, 1901 by Neil Macdonald.]

Grace stood beneath the mistletoe,
A wreath of holly round her head,
And in a voice soft, tender, low,
Led me to hope when hope had fled.
In her brown eyes, so loving, true,
I read the record of my fate.
'Twas then, entranced, that first I knew
A joy that nothing could abate.

Sylphlike and beautiful as morn,
In sylvan dell by babbling brook,
As fair a maid as e'er was born,
The treasure of her lips I took.
Oh, Polly red and mistletoe,
Oh, times that speak of love and bliss,
Can't you on earth I e'er shall know
Surpass the rapture of that kiss?

Now in a reminiscent mood
I sadly dream of days gone by,
Oh, hopes that cheered when Grace I wooed
And saw the lovelight in her eye.
But seasons come and seasons go,
The chimes will ring again tomorrow,
And many hearts with joy will glow,
Though some will hear the bells with sorrow.

However, I dare say, after partaking of the famous Bender plum pudding and mince pie each guest is quite able to supply his own ghost. They certainly have rich cooking, those Benders.

A Misguided Samaritan.

Christmas makes Daisy Van Twiller sentimental. She drives her family distracted by haunting evil smelling tenebraments of the worst description, and she drives the inmates of these tenebraments distracted by asking them all manner of questions and poking herself in general where she is not wanted. Last year she gave herself a Christmas present of the measles as a result of her philanthropic enthusiasm. This year it may be something different. I hear that the young vicar of St. Euphrasia's has undertaken to guide her misdirected generosity and that he has personally accompanied her on her trips to the east side.

If the vicar only knew that Daisy's enthusiasm invariably dies the 1st of January!

I am not sure that a certain friend of mine has not the best of the rule of my life conduct to adhere to simple fact without color or varnish in all my statements. Simple fact is my motto.

"Mine, too!" echoed Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Jonesey, Mrs. Brownie, Mrs. Greenie and Mrs. Blackie in chorus.

As Mrs. Brownie and Mrs. Smith were leaving the room, Mrs. Jonesey remarked: "I don't think you look quite well today, my dear. You are pale, and I'm sure you are a little thin too." Answering to her husband, "John, I'm all gone to pieces. I'm really not at all well. Everybody is telling me how ill I look."

"Oh, everybody that sees me," Mrs. Brownie for one.

Mrs. Jonesey went home and had just taken off her hat when the maid announced that Mrs. Sumner, the Guardian Angel society's agent, had called. "Oh, that horrid bore!" exclaimed Mrs. Jonesey. "Tell her I'm not at home—that I'm out and will probably not be in all day."

Mrs. Greenie had a few friends to dinner that evening. She and her husband lived with her father, an obstinate old fellow. At dinner he told a story concerning his daughter.

"It happened when Mary was a girl," he said, "and Mary is forty-five years old now."

"It's no such thing, father, and you know it. I'm only thirty-five!" retorted Mrs. Greenie indignantly.

So, now that this woman has come into her own and friends flock around her and her talent has brought its reward, she does not care for those others who are still struggling. Every Christmas day she holds a great feast, not for her friends, but for those who have no friends. You may see at her table a merry throng of old and young, and the young faces the lines of care and hard work; girls who are fighting against odds much too great for their years; girls who, thanks to her, will struggle and win out and who but for her would perhaps fall prey to loneliness and despair.

How does she find them? In a multitude of ways, all tactful and delicate. She hears of them through friends, she sees their sad faces on the street, she finds them in dismal lodging houses.

"What do you think of her way of spending Christmas?"
New York.

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Of all the royal residences in England, Balmoral can boast of the most romantic history. It was there the crown prince of Germany, the father of the present emperor, wooed and won the princess royal of England, and from this happy event it became the late queen's custom to erect a cairn in the neighborhood of the castle to celebrate the marriage of each of her children.

TELLING THE SIMPLE TRUTH

"IT'S just horrid, so it is!" said Mrs. Smith. "Here's a wretched French writer, a man, of course, asking the question, 'Are all women liars?' and he goes on to try to prove it. It makes me furling mean things about women in print so the women cannot talk back! Now, I know positively that I myself always tell the exact truth or nothing. I pride myself on it."

"And so do I," said Mrs. Jonesey.

Mrs. Greenie said, "So do I."

Mrs. Blackie said, "And so do I."

"And I," said Mrs. Whitey impressively, "for the sake of setting a good example to my servants, to my children and to my husband, I make it the rule of my life conduct to adhere to simple fact without color or varnish in all my statements. Simple fact is my motto."

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CHRISTMAS

Woman's Share In Its Good Work

WHAT would Christmas charities be without woman? From the embroidering of a pair of slipper tops which she presents—too often, alas, with a smile—to some man to whom she feels under obligation, to the management of a fair and bazaar at which thousands of dollars are collected for a worthy undertaking, her nimble brain and fingers are busy during the winter months. In the cities for weeks before Dec. 25 gentle sisters of charity in their dark robes, with halos of white linen around their sweet, grave faces, are familiar figures. They hunt the markets to get donations of turkey and vegetables for the Christmas dinner of aged and pauper women, men under their care. They hover about toy shops, candy shops and bookstores. They hunt in couples, usually, sometimes in a wagon, in which to carry their treasures. They are busy for their poor. Frequently they go afoot with a healthy looking orphan girl to help bear the burden of a generous basket.

It is not easy to beg even for benevolent Christmas enterprises, and for that reason—because it is not easy—it is doubtless left by man to woman, as one work, like taking care of children, certainly belonging to her sphere. Men, of course, pay most of the money because man is the moneyed sex, but that they expect. Perhaps they rather like, unless in case of a few old curmudgeons, to have a fair faced, neat woman come at them and flatter them insidiously by appeals to their well known great heartedness in the cause of warm blankets for old women or tops and dolls for orphans. Things a man considers too small for himself to do he often rather likes to have women do. All over this great country the masculine sex hand out liberally of their means to these fair solicitors of Christmas charity.

In the poorer rural neighborhoods a pathetic invests the effort of woman to gladden with Christmas cheer hearts outside her own home circle. I see in my mind's eye the Christmas tree for the children of the rustic Sunday school. Oftentimes the region is so depleted of men that a woman must even be superintendent of the Sunday school, yet for that reason the young ones are all the surer of their Christmas tree, with its strings of white and colored popcorn, its few cheap waxen tapers, its little gilt balls and tinsel paper, its gifts of bags of stick candy and gingerbread rabbits, of homemade dolls and but the head, of tin trumpets and tin

by feminine divinites. How they have worked against benevolent enterprises be without woman? They beg, they cajole, they sew, they crochet, they embroider, they darn, they make illuminated dolls and tattered workbooks, all fall to look at than to use. The mothers and fathers, they beat eggs and whip cream, they work their dear fingers stiff, their slender feet weary, their nerves to exhaustion and come to the oyster supper to serve as waitresses and hostesses, with all their members worn out except perhaps their tongues.

And after the great occasion is over—what? Perhaps a warm and soft new overcoat as a Christmas present for the minister, or maybe the minister's wife appears next Sunday in church in a new gown, plain and sober, as becomes a country minister's wife, but well made and of good quality, as also becomes a minister's wife in country or city. Or maybe the money they have thus earned by hard work and good will goes to meet an obligation the congregation has taken on itself, and they hand the lump sum over to the trustees—men, always men—making them a New Year's present of a church free from debt. Religious denominations ought to be very good to women, according to them all rights and privileges besides that of collecting money, for without women no church could live.

The world is so accustomed to woman's benevolent ministrations at the holy and happy Christmas that it probably has never once considered what the loss of these gentle ministrations would mean. Woman does not count for much until mankind tries to do without her. At a great hospital where I called on a friend one Christmas day every inmate of the wards, charity patient or otherwise, if a man, received the gift of a warm, handsome dressing gown; if a woman, of an equally warm and extremely pretty wrapper. These the convalescing patients took away with them. Doubtless it had been many a day since some of the battered wrecks of humanity in that hospital had had anybody take so much care and thought for them. These useful and slightly articles had been contributed by the young ladies of a benevolent club—mere schoolgirls they were—getting their breaking in early to woman's Christmas work.

Here the children of an orphan's home receive Christmas gifts through the efforts of thoughtful ladies; there the inmates of a blind asylum get them; there, again, the hapless souls waiting for death in a home for incurables, the saddest and only altogether hopeless place on this earth. None has



Photo by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

"GRANDMOTHER'S" MUFF AND TOQUE IN CHINCHILLA.

soldiers, of home crocheted mittens and a bargain counter silk handkerchief. The fruit of the tree all told is not worth \$10, yet it represents the labor and savings and the beginnings of it may be, six weeks of time on the part of those devoted sisters. If a blessing from the most joyous, sacred day of all the year descends on any Christmas, may be, six weeks of time on the part of those devoted sisters. If a blessing from the most joyous, sacred day of all the year descends on any Christmas, may be, six weeks of time on the part of those devoted sisters. If a blessing from the most joyous, sacred day of all the year descends on any Christmas, may be, six weeks of time on the part of those devoted sisters.

There are cares and trials in every home, but the pleasures are also to be found there rather than in a boarding house, where gossip and idleness are among the chief features and where home pleasures are lacking.

A BENEFICENT PRINCESS.

The Isle of Wight is the favorite residence of Princess Henry of Battenberg, and this gentle lady never wears of good deeds which may benefit the inhabitants of the little island which owns her as governor. Recently her royal highness invited the wounded soldiers staying in the Convalescent Home at Cowes to take a trip in her private steam yacht, and a most enjoyable cruise around the Needles and Alum Bay was the result. "No doubt the pleasure of the invalids was much enhanced by the fact that Princess Beatrice, her two sons and her daughter were also on board."

Mrs. F. N. Doubleday, Mrs. Frances C. W. W. and Mrs. Candace Wheeler presented the industries and arts that have been furthered and Miss Collins and Miss Scoville described work on the field in mission lines.

The small Roosevelt always dine at 1 p. m. The president and Mrs. Roosevelt take their luncheon at that time, so the family will meet at this meal and breakfast. The youngsters have supervised served in the nursery about 5 o'clock and do not appear at the formal dinner served for their parents.

"It's a Long Lane That Has No Turning," the new play song by George Taggart and Max S. Witt, authors of the successful ballad "The Moth and the Flame," has made a New York hit. It tells the story of Clyde Fitch's popular

ever thought to compute the amount of money and the value of the gifts gathered through the benevolent work of women at Christmas time, again possibly rather than in a boarding house, where gossip and idleness are among the chief features and where home pleasures are lacking.

TO ENCOURAGE NATURE STUDY.

The New York park commissioners have placed a library of books on nature study in the middle of Central park, so that those who go to the park to study botany, landscape gardening, bird life, etc., may have access to them. The reading room is in the Swedish schoolhouse, which was one of the buildings at the Philadelphia Centennial exposition.

A new weave of wool and raw silk is called ice cloth. The raw silk is thrown on the surface and gives a shiny, frosted appearance to the goods.

dry in the sun, cooking them in boiling oil, drying them anew and packing them. After five or six years of hard work, Franklin C. R. R. has reproduced in needlework Raphael's "St. John the Baptist." At Bryn Mawr the essay department, with its equipment of six readers in English, is continuing the work begun last year in the fortnightly papers as well as long essays. It is a required course for two years. All the students receive careful training in the writing of English. An additional course is given under the name of "descriptive English." Here the training is more definitely for creative work. The course has grown steadily in popularity, and the class is now very large.